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School Activities

The Extra Curricular Magazine

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THE TEACHER IN THE PROGRESSIVE SCHOOL

The March Issue of
PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

will be devoted entirely to

The Training of Teachers for Progressive Schools

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The Extra Curricular Magazine

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As the Editor Sees It—

We hear a lot of talk about inter-scholastic athletics giving way to intra-mural contests. But why *giving way*? Must the sponsors of sports for the masses deny the advantages claimed for contests between schools? Intra-mural athletics has a growing appeal to educators, but to the average person such athletics has about as much kick to it as does kissing one's sister. The sound logic of intra-mural athletics will have greater appeal if it comes announced as an action, not as a reaction. Being non-competitive, it should not compete.

Some high schools are now doing away with compulsory attendance at assembly. And why not?

The Fourth R.

To the three R's carried over from the era of the dunce cap and the rod we have added a fourth. We have placed it in front of the traditional three. *Responsibility* of the student in matters of what he reads, what he writes, and what he figures is the subject we now emphasize. Extra curricular activities, approaching the student from the inside as they do, make this teaching possible.

By this time of year school clubs have had time to prove themselves. They have settled somewhere between two extremes. They are characterized by some measure of harmony, enthusiasm, and system, or by bickering, idleness, and horse-play. If the members of a club have not accomplished some of the purposes set forth in their preamble, they have turned to other purposes before now.

Because of uncertainties of travel and communication there was once a need for occasional postponement of school functions. That time is past. Nothing is postponed now. Most of us have learned that, at best, postponed affairs are fail-

ures put off. To put off a school function makes the school subject to the hindrances of imaginary storms, epidemics, and conflicting interests as well as the ones that really happen. Any *maybe* inference attached to the announcement of a coming event dulls the anticipation of it.

"Let's choose up" does more to spoil parties than does having the refreshments stolen. It happens more often. "Choosing up" is a practice carried over from the time when all contests were primarily between leaders. Numbering guests and matching the odd numbers against the even will make the sides well balanced and will protect the feelings of the unacquainted, the inferior, and the sensitive. Let's think what parties are for; then let's not choose up.

What are the two most common faults of amateur entertainments? Now, let me guess your answer. First, too much delay. Second, too much length. Right, wasn't I?

Perhaps They're Right.

Some ministers were recently known to take serious exception to a local presentation by the high school of the play *Nothing But The Truth*. They did not deny that it was an excellent dramatic production but they questioned the effect of so strong a presentation of the idea that it is impossible to tell the truth.

Every school leader needs a friendly, frank, competent critic. It is difficult for leaders to get honest criticism. People fear their power.

It is reported that high school jewelry—class rings and pins—cost American families four million dollars annually. I wonder.

HOME ROOM ACTIVITIES.

By EVAN E. EVANS,
High School Principal, Winfield, Kansas.

Our present pupil-teacher ratio is so large that it is impossible for a teacher who meets 100 to 150 pupils per day to have any notion of their personal needs. During the early decades of our secondary schools the ratio was so small and the number of pupils a teacher met per day was so few that it was not difficult for her to picture the social and home conditions of each pupil. Obviously that is impossible today. Therefore a need has arisen for some type of organization which will take over some of the old values and old services, and meet present-day problems. In the face of these needs the following four objectives for a home room program have been set up. While it seems anomalous to make such a statement, the major objective must be considered a major objective by the teacher but should be unknown to the pupil. On the other hand the three secondary objectives will be three secondary objectives to the teacher but to the pupil they must be set up as major objectives.

THE MAJOR OBJECTIVE is "To establish a pupil-teacher relationship and subsequent understanding which will enable the teacher to become the personal advisor to a pupil along those lines which come under the educational responsibility."

THE THREE SECONDARY OBJECTIVES are:
"Administrative Efficiency."
"Curricular Enrichment."
"Increased Pupil Participation."

Educational procedures have so developed that today academic education may be carried on with unusually large groups. Acquiring academic information is one of the major aims of the public school. However, we have the responsibility in secondary education of directing individual pupils along educational paths and aiding individual pupils to meet economic and social problems. This cannot be done in large groups. It cannot be done without a great mass of personal information not to be obtained by questionnaires, by supervision of large groups, by instructing 150 pupils per day. Therefore our major objective is to establish a pupil-teacher relationship.

The home room group is a small group for which the home room teacher is directly responsible. In that way there is a division of labor in the accumulation

and the interpretation of information relative to the individual pupil. Our North Central Association standard of the pupil-teacher ratio is such that if each teacher in the system has a home room her number of pupils will be small enough that she may become thoroughly familiar with the personnel materials now lost because there is no division of this responsibility.

The three secondary objectives are:

A. In administering a large school system we need come in contact with small groups. Pupil administering may be more efficiently done if certain people may be made responsible for small groups. Leaders in secondary education suggest increasing the number of administrative officers to do personnel work. It is difficult to get this idea accepted by Boards of Education and if they do accept it, it is difficult to find people who are trained to perform the duties involved in such positions. Therefore we see the need of this first secondary objective—"Administrative Efficiency."

B. The second secondary objective is "Curricular Enrichment." Life becomes more complex. There arise various ways whereby we could permit our pupils to discuss matters which would be of great benefit to them and yet those subjects are such that they do not fall under the natural boundaries of our present accepted courses in education. If we have our people in these small units these various studies may be made and the curriculum thereby enriched.

C. The third secondary objective is "Increased Pupil Participation." Most of us accept the statement that we can learn by doing. In order to have our people prepared for the complex social and civic life of which they are members we need to give them many opportunities in school to participate in educational activities. With a small group organization there naturally arises unusual opportunities along this line. Each home room will have its officers of which there should be quite a large number. Those suggested are: President, Vice President, Secretary, Thrift Director, Chairman Social Committee, Chairman Program Committee, Athletic Director for Boys, Athletic Director for Girls, Cheerleader. In addition to these responsibilities will come the multitudinous opportunities to participate in home room programs and other home room activities. A well-organized and well promoted home room will offer op-

portunity to each pupil to participate in citizenship activities sometime during the semester.

Those then are the objectives. Most of our leaders in secondary education, in setting up objectives for the home room, list a great number. Meyer lists twelve. Roemer and Allen list twenty-one. Under each of these four which I have listed could be listed many. However for our purpose, and that is to get a brief general view of this field, we are dealing with first the major objective and second with the three secondary objectives.

ORGANIZATION. In setting up a home room program, many questions are presented. There are many ways of organizing and administering home rooms. May I suggest one? Take one of the periods of the day, lengthen it to include the activity and assembly period and alternate the home room with the activity period. A ten or fifteen minute reporting period *is not* a home room period. A home room period must be of such length that it becomes an unitary and integral part of the school. I would suggest the home room period be at least thirty minutes in length, preferably thirty-five or forty, and that it meet at least two times per week. Some duties need be performed by the home room each day and this may be accomplished by taking a few minutes from the time of the class period. Now in combining one period and a home room period a teacher's technique must be developed to a rather high point. The teacher teaching and the teacher in the home room are two different personalities. In the home room the pupils must have the feeling that they are working on their own initiative. If they cannot have this feeling then they will look upon the home room as an added period or an added study. The capable home room teacher will so organize that the attitude of her pupils will change immediately when they go into the home room part of the hour.

In carrying out the three secondary objectives ample opportunity is given the teacher to secure information vital to the major objective. The teacher will have an opportunity to become acquainted with the personality of the pupils.

A definite program should be set up for the entire system. This is a tentative program which will be available for all teachers. Outlines should be prepared and bibliographies should be available.

There will be some home room teachers who will be able to formulate and put into action home room programs but on the other hand there will be some who will neither have the time nor the initiative to organize the material efficiently. Tulsa Central High School, Winfield, Kansas, High School, and a number of others have formulated detailed outlines which are available in printed form and which illustrate this point. These outlines are made up largely of two types of material. First, general material to be considered by each group each year: parliamentary procedure, health outlines, school and citizenship objectives, etc. The other outlines in the course will be made up of those which are included in the second secondary objective, that of enriching the curriculum and will include: table etiquette, courtesy over the telephone, manners and conduct, scientific developments, lives of great Americans, art, why go to college, etc., etc. These latter subjects will be studied only once during the six-year period. The directors of the school will determine in which year the subjects are best suited and they should be included in the programs for the home rooms of that class year.

To do the clerical work involved, the teacher should be furnished with blank forms which lessen the detail work. Such forms include home room cards with spaces for personnel data, subjects and grades, and space for recording activity accomplishments, personal conferences, press clippings, observations of the teacher, etc., etc. In connection with this form these cards are accumulated from year to year. In a six year high school the teachers of pupils will have, during the pupil's senior year, a complete school history of the pupil during his previous five years at school. This information will be quite valuable when the senior sponsor is giving pupils educational and vocational guidance and will be particularly valuable when the senior home rooms are discussing "Why Go To College—Which College." In the Principal's office is maintained a folder for each pupil in the system. In that folder are placed health records, excuses, attendance records, test records, copies of special communications to the pupils and to the pupil's parents, copies of programs in which the pupil has participated, clippings from local papers referring to his activities, a special report on each pupil failure with

the teacher's judgment as to the cause. These materials are also available to the home room teacher for personal analysis in advising the pupil regarding school work, social attitude, personal attitude, a future educational program, and any other matters which might rightfully be discussed. Another form is a graph on which the home room records its accomplishments in comparison with those of other home rooms. A part of the competition of the home room may be obtained by competition between home rooms in basketball, volley ball, posters, ticket sales, publication sales, times on honor roll, health objectives. Percentile of achievements are recorded on the graph since the achievements are recorded by percentiles. A line at 50% would indicate the average of the group and it would therefore be the duty of the home room officers to attempt to keep their group above the 50% line. Other blanks needed will calendar social functions in advance. Here is an educational opportunity to prepare the pupils for social events. A home room, or any other group, should not have a party of any kind until definite plans are written out and O.K.ed by the teacher-director several days before the program.

In connection with the third secondary objective, that of widened pupil participation, it is advantageous to have a form for pupil participation. In connection with this an activity award system is valuable and the blank includes a list of all activities with the highest average for each activity.

When this system was discussed in a meeting recently, inquiry was made whether or not it worked perfectly. The answer is, "No." It is likely no group of teachers can be gathered together sufficiently interested and enthusiastic about the program to make it function 100%. The administrators must be thoroughly in sympathy with the program and *someone* must be enthusiastic about it. The person who is enthusiastic must apply the pressure to keep up the interest. New plans must be constantly formed. In one system recently the officers were gathered together in groups and leaders in the faculty were asked to address the different groups of officers. Outlines of those discussions have been prepared and are available upon request.

Basket Ball.

A SKETCH.

(With apologies to Lodore.)

By MARY BONHAM.

To the center! Here they go raging,
Like a war waging.
Rising and leaping, jumping and sweeping
That ball around.
Shouting and frisking, turning and twisting
Over the ground.
Helter, skelter, hurry scurry,
With endless rebound.
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in!
Confounding, astounding, receding and speeding,
Darting and parting, throwing and blowing;
Tossing and crossing, running and stunting,
Falling and crawling, jumping and bumping,
Brawling and sprawling, working and jerking;
Sounding and bounding and rounding,
Tumbling and rumbling and grumbling;
Chattering and battering and clattering,
Meeting and beating and retreating,
Flapping and rapping and slapping;
Advancing and prancing, and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling and turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
Gleaming and beaming and steaming and streaming,
Dashing and flashing and slashing and crashing
That ball in the goal!

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a Maybe,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far
For a Might Have Been has Never Been
But a Has was Once an Are.

—The Engineer

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TO MEET THE PRINCE.

(A Play in One Act.)

By MRS. ADA MURRAY FELT.

CHARACTERS.

Sir Esme Mountfort..An English gentleman living in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Lady Mountfort.....Sir Esme's wife
Polly Mountfort.....Their daughter
Thomas).....Servants to the
Martha, his wife) Mountforts

Captain Fortescue.Continental Army Captain, Polly's lover

Arthur Eastman.An American gentleman
Stacy Eastman.....His wife
Emma.....Maid to the Eastmans

Time—The present, and March 16, 1776.

Scene—The drawing-room of a handsome old Colonial house in New England, with period furnishings. Large fireplace right, about midway. Right, farther back, a door. Directly opposite, in the left wall, another door, with writing desk in front of it. In back wall, two long windows, which may be opened. Bookcase in between, Windsor chair in front of it. Near the front, in the left wall, is a recessed space, in which stands a winged chair so that the face of anyone seated is concealed from the audience. The fireplace has a mantel-shelf, with small space sufficient for a note or letter. At the left, near the front, a table. The room is fitted for electric lighting, but lighted candles in candle sticks furnish the only illumination as the scene opens.

Curtain rises on empty stage. A low fire burns in the fireplace. Lighted candles stand on the mantel, desk, bookcase, and table. Small sofa stands at an angle to the fireplace, the outer end nearer the back.

(*Stacy Eastman and Arthur, her husband, saunter in from the upper left door. Stacy in handsome evening-gown and evening-cape. She slowly draws on long gloves, glances appreciatively about. Arthur wears formal evening clothes, carries a motoring coat over one arm, and a silk hat and his wife's fan in his hand. Stacy seats herself on sofa, still working at her gloves.*)

STACY: Isn't it just lovely that we were able to purchase this darling old house—and with its original furnishings, too?

ARTHUR: (*Throws his coat on chair,*

lays fan and hat on table, and adjusts a scarf about his neck.) Great old stuff, this house; and the furniture's increasing in value all the time. (*Chuckles.*)

STACY: And isn't it a grand idea of mine to have these candles? So in keeping.

ARTHUR: Ye-es, they're all right when we just sit by the fire and talk; but if I wanted to read I believe I'd much rather have the good old electric light. (*He looks into a mirror over the mantel, smooths his hair, and examines the fit of his coat.*) No camouflage to this house—built in 1715. The date's cut in stone right over the front door. Mighty good stuff the builders put into these old houses. The beams and uprights are almost heavy enough for a fort. You don't suppose it was made so strong to withstand a siege from Indians, do you?

STACY: Oh, no. Wind and weather are all that have besieged it, I imagine. But I have been thinking, all day, about what such an old house must have seen and heard. "If walls could talk they might relate many a tale of tragedy and romance." I read that in a magazine, this morning. (*She laughs a little. Rising, she drops her cape.*) I think you'll have to help me with these gloves, after all. (*She holds out her hand and Arthur begins to fuss with the buttons on her gloves.*) Candle-light is becoming, don't you think so? (*Arthur nods, his whole attention being given to his struggle with the buttons.*) But you don't look at me. And you haven't told me whether or not you admire my new gown. (*Arthur straightens up to look at the dress. Stacy withdraws her hands and steps across the stage, modeling her gown like a mannequin. She waves her fan slowly, afterwards laying it on the table.*)

ARTHUR: You are always charmingly dressed; I'll say that for you. And it seems to me you never looked more lovely than tonight. The gowns worn by ladies of long ago may have had more silk in them, but I'm sure they couldn't have been prettier or more becoming than those of today. (*He stoops and catches up the evening cape.*)

STACY: I feel very proud that, though we've lived here only three months, we have been invited to meet the Prince. All the women are wondering who will be his partner. Do you think he'll dance with me?

ARTHUR: He will if he knows a good dancer when he sees one. (*Emma enters left upper door, standing just inside.*)

EMMA: Madam Eastman's nurse is on the line, sir, and wishes to speak with you.

ARTHUR: (*Turning toward the maid.*) Oh, yes. I'll be right there. (*Emma starts to leave.*) And Emma. (*Maid comes back into the room.*) Tell Burroughs to bring the car around. It's time we were starting. (*Leaves the room quickly, left upper door. Stacy walks to the mirror, adjusts her cloak, fusses with her hair. Arthur's voice comes distinctly through the open door. Stacy listens.*) Hullo? Hullo! Yes. Mother's worse? How long since— Ah, yes. Is the doctor there? Yes, certainly. Yes, right away. (*He comes back in the room.*) Mother's illness seems to have reached its crisis, and the nurse thinks I'd better be there.

STACY: Oh, Arthur! not tonight! It seems to me you have done nothing this last three weeks but run over to your mother's.

ARTHUR: But she's been ill.

STACY: Yes, but you can't do anything. With two nurses and a housekeeper, and—and—everybody, I don't see why you need rush off just when we've been asked to meet the Prince.

ARTHUR: But my dear girl! How would it look to the world supposing Mother should—supposing she should die,—and I attending a ball and refusing to go to her when they sent for me? To say nothing of my own affection for her.

STACY: Oh, yes. You can consider your feelings and your mother's; but you never think of me and my disappointment. (*She walks back and forth, wringing her hands. She strips off her gloves and throws them in the winged chair.*) Just when we were being recognized by the best people, too. (*She unfastens her cloak and flings it violently into the same chair.*) And now I never shall have a chance to meet the Prince. (*She drops on the sofa and weeps into her handkerchief. Arthur comes to the sofa, and, with one hand on the mantel, bends over her.*)

ARTHUR: Stacy, be reasonable. It can't be possible that you think more of gratifying your vanity than you do of Mother's life?

STACY: (*Looking up indignantly.*) There! now call me names! It isn't your

Mother's life. You can't do a thing to help her; and she has all those nurses!

ARTHUR: Well, I'll stop at the Street-er's and ask Alan to call here and take you to the ball with him and his wife. (*Starts up stage and puts on his coat.*)

STACY: (*Springing to her feet and turning towards him.*) I will not go with Alan and Frances Streeter. Her dress would be sure to kill mine. If I'd wanted to go about with Alan Streeter I'd have accepted him when he asked me to marry him. I wish I had! He wouldn't have left me to go to a ball without him! The Prince would think I was a divorcee,—arriving in that fashion. And what would other people say?

EMMA: (*Entering at left upper door.*) Burroughs is here with the car, sir.

ARTHUR: (*Picks up his silk hat, stares at it, then hands it to the maid. Emma comes forward, takes it and goes from the room.*) If people knew how you feel, they'd certainly say you were a selfish,

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inconsiderate girl. (*Emma returns with motoring cap which he puts on, then leaves hastily, left upper door. Emma smiles ironically for an instant, and goes out left upper door. Stacy is at the end of the sofa and slightly behind it. She turns her head, as her husband leaves, to see if he will do as she wishes; when he is gone she stumbles to mantel and leans there, her body shaken by sobs. After an instant she looks curiously at the wall behind the mantel. She sops her eyes with her handkerchief and peers closely, then carefully pulls out, with fingertips and a hairpin from her hair, a piece of paper folded without envelope, and sealed with sealing-wax. She examines it curiously, blows off some dust, touches the seal with a fingernail, and turning it over reads the address.*)

STACY: "To ye Captain Herbert Fortescue." Why, isn't this an odd-looking note! So yellow—and with no envelope! Now, I remember, though, that is the way people sealed letters, years and years ago, before envelopes were invented. (*She slowly walks toward left center as she examines the missive.*) This is mysterious! (*She lifts the candle from the table and reads.*) "With Washington's Army at Dorchester Heights." (*Sets down the candle and looks with astonishment at the letter.*) Washington's Army! Let's see! This must have been written almost a hundred and fifty years ago. Oh, I must find out what's in it. (*She breaks the seal and lifting a candle reads the letter. Her face shows interest, surprise, anxiety, painful interest, grief. She finishes reading it, sets down the candle, presses the note against her breast, and says:*) O! I do wish I could know what had happened such a long time ago, that should cause that poor girl to write so pathetic a note. (*She opens the note again, and glances at it an instant; she subsides into the winged chair and leans back her head.*) Oh, I do wish I could know! (*The stage waits thirty seconds. Then comes the sound of loud knocking on the outside, heavy door, and, a moment after, an old colored manservant ushers in Captain Fortescue, by left upper door. He is dressed in the uniform of a Captain in the Continental Army,—blue and buff—wearing over it a cape of dark blue. His hair is braided and tied with a black ribbon. On his head he wears the tricorne hat. The Captain comes down to right center, removing his cape and throwing it over*

the chair, refusing with a gesture the servant's offer to take it.)

CAPT. FORTESCUE: Is Mistress Polly at home, Thomas?

THOMAS: I think so, sir, Captain Fortescue. (*Starts toward upper left door.*) I'll go see, Cap'n. Everybody's very busy, sir.

(*Captain Fortescue waits till the man is gone, then takes from his breast pocket one small red rosebud wrapped in a bit of writing paper. He writes a moment on the paper, kisses the rose, wraps it again; then, with a quick glance towards doors and windows, hastily places it behind the mantel in the little crevice, removing therefrom a tiny note folded into the shape of a cocked hat, and reads.*)

CAPT. FORTESCUE: "Darling Herbert, Lest someone should accompany me when thou callest here I put this note in the usual place just to say I love thee.

I am sore distrest in my mind.

Thy

Polly."

(*He kisses the note and hastily hides it in the same pocket from which he took the rosebud, as the left upper door opens and Polly enters. She is a fair-haired, dainty English girl. She runs down to him and into his arms. He kisses her cheek.*)

POLLY: Oh, Herbert, thou hast come! I feared greatly I might not see thee. Oh, I am so glad. (*They walk to sofa and sit.*)

CAPT. FORTESCUE: Thou knowest I shall come to thee at every opportunity, my darling. But it is hard to get away. And tonight—

POLLY: Tonight! Do you know what the wicked folly of these rebellious colonies will bring to pass? Our separation, unless—you— (*She withdraws slightly from him.*)

CAPT. FORTESCUE: Oh, no! Thy father— (*Extends his hand, which she ignores.*)

POLLY: My father has waited too long, believing that this rabble you call an army would not dare hold out against General Howe and the soldiers of His Gracious Majesty George III. (*He rises and moves towards the center, then turns.*) And now, this night—

CAPT. F.: You forget that I am one of those you name "this rabble," and proud to be numbered with those who stand on the side of liberty. (*Polly rises and seizing the hand she had ignored and which now rests on his sword-hilt, holds it in both her own.*)

POLLY: But thou wilt not remain with them? They are doomed to defeat. How can it be otherwise? (*Drops his hand and steps nearer, laying her hand on his shoulder. Coaxingly.*) Come thou with us. My father can find a high place for thee,— (*Captain Fortescue lifts his head.*)

CAPT. F.: "With us," you say. Where do you go?

POLLY: (*Goes down left front wringing her hands, while Captain Fortescue walks to right front.*) Oh, my father has received some word. General Howe says he cannot hold Boston against those long guns your rebel friends have brought from that place with the dreadful name—

CAPT. F.: (*Striding to center and throwing up his hand in triumph.*) Ha! Cannon from Ticonderoga! Two hundred miles through the forest we dragged them; and now we turn them on the invaders of our shores! And does General Howe, commander of the British soldiers in Boston, run at sight of these "long guns"?

POLLY: He considers it wise to retire. (*Capt. Fortescue strikes his hands together and walks to the mantel, smiling.*) But, oh, I should not tell you this. You are with those in rebellion against our gracious king. English ships are in the bay, and we go on board as soon as we can make ready. Even now my mother thinks I am in my room packing my boxes.

CAPT. F.: (*Starting towards her, his hand extended.*) But thou wilt not go with them? Oh, heart of my heart, thou art mine.

POLLY: (*Turning away.*) I must. Yes—I—must go. (*Turning to him eagerly.*) But you will come, too? Leave this rough-scurf crew—this beggarly handful of men fighting against the mighty power of England. It is preposterous. My father says that only the officers have uniforms; that many of the common soldiers have hardly clothes to cover them. (*Coming close and leaning against him, his arm about her shoulders.*) And canst thou consider clinging to people like that when wealth, and position, and—the girl thou lovest are on the other side of the ocean?

CAPT. F.: (*Starting away from her, yet holding her by the shoulders.*) Polly! Canst thou speak as though a man's oath—his word of honor—is to be broken like shortcake? I am an officer in the army of my native land, seeking only justice from our mother-country. But were I the most poverty-stricken soldier that joins

our ranks I would hold my oath just as sacred. Every soldier in the Continental Army may not have a uniform, but he can shoot straight, and can keep his word.

POLLY: (*Breaking from him and running to the sofa, on which she drops. With hands clasped tightly in her lap, she sways from side to side.*) Thou canst not love me. O! O! O! my heart is breaking because of my love for thee—and thou! Thou wilt do nothing—nothing—to insure our happiness. (*Her head falls on her arm which lies along the arm of the sofa, towards upper center.*)

CAPT. F.: (*Crossing quickly in front of her, falling on his left knee, and taking her hand which lies inert in his own.*) Darling, thou knowest my heart is filled with love for thee. No other woman ever shall find entrance there.

POLLY: (*Lifting her head, but looking away from him, and speaking in a hard, hopeless tone.*) What matter! What does it matter whom thou lovest if I cannot believe in thy love for me? If I have to tear thy image from my heart? (*She starts to her feet, rushes across the room.*) I cannot bear it. (*Captain Fortescue rises to his feet and stands hesitatingly by the sofa; then Polly wheels, and holding out both hands, cries:*) I cannot leave thee. (*Her lover strides across, while she makes a little rush to him. They meet about left center, by the table. He takes both her hands, then puts one arm about her shoulder.*)

CAPT. F.: That rejoices my heart, dear one. Thou needst not go. I will take thee to my mother. We will be married the first moment it can be accomplished. But I must hasten back to Dorchester Heights. I know the General will give me immediate leave, and if I ride hard I can return before midnight. If it be possible to get a carriage I will bring my mother. But if I cannot, thou wilt not fear to go with me? Sir Esme—thy father, will agree?

POLLY: I will go with thee to the world's end; nevertheless, make all haste. My father looks not with approval on our love.

PLAYS

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CAPT. F.: God grant I may change his opinion! Use all arguments to keep your parents here till my return. *(He kisses her hands softly, then turns to leave, catching up his cape. He turns at the long window and smiles at her, then rushes out. A small flash of lightning comes; then after an interval a sound of distant thunder. Polly fastens the window, then slowly comes down and drops on the sofa. A voice is heard outside the right upper door, as though Lady Mountfort had just opened the door and turning to speak to someone following.)*

LADY MOUNTFORT: *(Outside the door.)* You say Mistress Polly's boxes are not ready? *(Enters by the right upper door, bearing a very large hat box. She is fashionably dressed for that day, in dark apparel. Her grey hair is dressed high. Martha, middle-aged colored woman, Thomas' wife, follows, carrying fur cape, her mistress' bonnet, and traveling bag. Lady Mountfort sets the hat box on table, then turns and sees Polly. The colored woman, Martha, stands by window, as her mistress speaks, following Lady Mountfort's words with interest.)* Well, Polly! Here you are—mooning before the fire, and your boxes not ready to take away! Martha, you attend to them. *(Martha puts the bonnet and wrap on the chair, gets the hat box from table and traveling bag, and exits upper left door.)*

POLLY: *(Rising as her mother speaks to her.)* Oh, Madam, I do not wish to go. *(Her mother looks at her incredulously.)* Why do we have to rush away from our home in the middle of the night as if—as if we had done something wrong! *(A rumble of thunder.)* And with a storm coming, too!

LADY: Hoity, toity! Since when have young misses presumed to criticise the plans made for them in the wisdom of their parents? Has disobedience become an accomplishment of yours since you

have breathed the air of this rebellious colony? Ah! 'Tis the influence of that traitor to our gracious King—that Herbert Fortescue! Has he been here this night? And is that the reason for thy wilful disregard of my expressed wishes?

POLLY: *(Hangs her head at first, but lifts it near the end of Lady Mountfort's speech, looking at her mother meekly and speaking without insolence yet with an air of conviction.)* Yes, Mother, he has been here. And I—I have promised to marry him immediately, and stay in this colony—

LADY M.: Thou hast promised! In truth we go away none too soon when thou dare to speak thus—

SIR ESME: *(Entering from left upper door—dressed for cold weather—and interrupting his wife's speech with his question. He hunts gloves in his pockets.)* Well, my dear, is everything ready? Thomas has gone to see to having horses put to the big coach. *(Looking up and noticing the angry air of Lady Mountfort, then glancing curiously at Polly.)* Why, what is this?

LADY M.: *(With a gesture towards Polly.)* This daughter of ours, Esme—this child—informs me that she intends to stay on this side of the sea—will not go with us to safety and comfort.

SIR ESME: *(Coming down and standing between Polly and Lady Mountfort.)* Daughter! What madness affects thy brain?

POLLY: Father, it is not madness. Herbert—Captain Fortescue—will take me to his mother, and we shall be married as soon—

SIR ESME: Child, thou art distraught to think we should consider such a plan for an instant. Make thee ready for this journey lest the ships sail and we lose our opportunity to leave.

POLLY: Father! Mother! Oh, I cannot go. I will not leave Herbert. I love him, and I cannot leave him. *(She rushes to*

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her mother and puts her arms about her neck, burying her face in that lady's shoulder. *Physically, Lady Mountfort is a little shaken by the sudden unexpected onslaught. She catches her breath.*)

LADY M.: Ah, phoo! Bless me! Who would believe the child would be so obstinate? Dost think, Polly, thy father knowest not what is best for thee?

POLLY: *(Her face still hidden in her mother's shoulder, turns it towards her father, and says:)* I love him. He loves me. We must not be parted. *(Lady Mountfort gives the girl a little shake of impatience and puts her daughter from her. Sir Esme makes a scornful gesture.)*

LADY M.: We are wasting precious time, Esme, trying to make a girl see reason who has no reason in her. Ring the bell for Martha to fetch her garments. *(Sir Esme turns.)* But no! Martha is doing Polly's neglected packing. I'll get them. *(She leaves the room by the upper right door. Polly slowly moves to the right, behind small sofa.)*

SIR ESME: I cannot believe thou art entirely without ability to comprehend this unfortunate situation, Daughter. Think on thy future. Married to a man—a traitor to his country *(Polly looks denial)*—an officer in this ragtag army—what would be thy life, thy fate? *(A rumble of thunder.)*

POLLY: Captain Fortescue considers this his country. He declares the Colonies never will submit to such injustice; that the King—

SIR ESME: Be silent! Do not let me hear treasonable sentiments as to our gracious sovereign from my own daughter. As for this tuppenny rebellion—'twill be snuffed out like that. *(He snaps his fingers.)* Yet, supposing this ragamuffin army should maintain itself for awhile, and thy captain rise a little in rank—'twill only make his punishment the greater when shall come his fall, as come it will. His estates confiscated, himself perhaps meeting the death reserved for traitors—what would be thy fate? *(A louder rumble.)*

POLLY: Oh, Father, I care not, so I am with him. I cannot, will not leave him. 'Twould break my heart.

SIR ESME: Wicked girl! To persist in such pertinacious resistance to authority! Were we not just on the point of departure I'd lock thee in thy room and give thee naught but bread and water till thou regain thy senses. *(Thomas en-*

ters by left upper door.) Think not to withstand my will. Thou wilt sail with us the morrow's morn; if peaceably, then well; but go thou shall, even if thou hast to be carried to the coach in the footmen's arms. *(Lightning and thunder. Polly covers her face with her hands.)*

THOMAS: *(By the left upper door.)* Sir Esme.

SIR ESME: *(Turning quickly.)* Well, Thomas.

THOMAS: The off leader, sir, is very nervous—the boys can hardly hold him. Frightened by the thunder and lightning. Very unlucky to have thunder in the winter, sir. And the nigh wheelhorse—I think he's lame.

SIR ESME: A pest on your horses! Lame or not, they must take us away tonight. *(He waves his hand in dismissal.)* I'll look at them. *(He starts for the upper left door, then turns quickly and looks piercingly at Polly who leans against the mantel, her hands over her face.)* Mark well my words, Polly. I shall not change. *(Goes out quickly. Polly lifts her head and rushes toward the door, her hands extended pleadingly, but hears the outer door bang, and stops with a despairing gesture. She walks toward the center wringing her hands.)*

POLLY: How can I leave my love? I will not. I cannot. And yet—I must. And I have but a moment. I will write, and place my note in the niche. *(She glances at the end of the mantel, then hastens joyously to it, and draws from the crevice the package containing the rosebud. Smilingly she tears it open and reads aloud.)*

"On the bush in my mother's home I have watched this rosebud grow from its earliest tiny leaf. It is no redder than my heart's blood, every drop of which

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shall beat for thee, my darling, till death us do part.

I kiss the bud, and I am ever
thy

Herbert."

(She kisses the bud and note, and drops them into the bosom of her gown, then runs to the desk. Seizing a quill pen, she writes rapidly. A blinding flash of lightning is followed immediately by a heavy peal of thunder. She is startled, and puts one hand over her eyes, but goes on writing in great haste. She shakes sand on the note and folds it. As from far upstairs she hears her mother's voice calling.)

LADY M.: Polly? Polly?

POLLY: (In a voice scarcely to be heard.) Yes, Mother. (She hastens to seal her note, heating wax in the candle-flame on the mantel. She kisses the note and pushes it far into the crevice. Her mother's voice is heard again just outside the door, left upper.)

LADY M.: Polly? (Entering immediately.) There, child, all is ready and thy father waits for us. He is never a patient man, and we'd best hasten. (As she speaks she has come down with Polly's bonnet, cloak and gloves in her hands. She puts on the girl's bonnet for her, kissing her cheek as she ties the strings. Polly stands stiff and unyielding.) No doubt thou thinkest we are harsh—thy father and I; but we feel responsible for thy future happiness. (Assumes her own outer garments before the mirror.) The sea air will soon bring back the roses to thy cheeks, and thou'lt not want for attentions with all those gallant officers on board. (Polly shakes her head, with a mutinous mouth.) I declare, I shall be very sorry to leave this house, (she looks lingeringly about the room) even though we are going back to England. We have been blest in our fortunes here, and the people have been most cordial. But with thee and thy father with me I shall be happy anywhere.

POLLY: (With emphasis.) Well, I shall not. Without Herbert I shall never, never be happy again.

(Lady Mountfort puts her arm around Polly's shoulders and hastily walks to the left upper door. At the threshold the girl slips from her mother's arm, turns and looks sadly about the room, kisses her right hand and slowly lifts it in a despairing gesture of farewell, puts her other hand to her eyes and rushes through the

door. The outer door shuts heavily; calls of "Hold up! Whoa, there!" and the sound of horses' retreating footsteps come into the room. After a moment Thomas enters at the left upper door, followed by Martha, who carries a couple of traveling-ropes. As she folds them into small compass she says:)

MARTHA: I think they'll be sorry they didn't take these rugs as well as the rest. It'll be cold on shipboard. (Thomas feels of one blanket and nods.)

THOMAS: Most likely they'll need 'em, 'fore they land. (He moves to the fireplace and stoops, taking up a pair of tongs, removing the firescreen, and with his face to the audience, continues:)

I don't know about that King George they talk so much about, but Sir Esme and my lady are certainly fine folks. (He turns his back to the audience and kneels as Martha speaks, beginning to fuss with the fire.)

MARTHA: And Mistress Polly, too. But she was very loath to go away. (Thomas nods.) Don't mend that fire, Thomas. Cover it, then put out the candles. (Thomas takes a shovel and puts down the tongs.) Dear me! The house is in such confusion! We'll have a lot to do to pack everything away safely. (She goes rapidly out, right upper door. Thomas works over the fire till no light comes from it, then goes about the room putting out the candles till but one remains. He lifts this one. Capt. Herbert, white-faced, holding one hand to his breast where under his unbuttoned coat the red of a wound shows on his shirt, taps on one of the long windows. Thomas hastily sets down the candle and unlocks the window, and Herbert staggers in. Thomas supports him and they come down center a few steps.)

CAPT. F.: Mistress Polly! Tell her I could not get a carriage to bring my mother, but that I have two horses. And ask Sir Esme to see me. Say nothing of this wound. The Redcoats must have taken me for a spy or a messenger, for they shot at me from ambush.

THOMAS: But Mistress Polly—she's gone, Cap'n, with her father and mother.

CAPT. F.: Gone! To the ships in the bay! (Starts up stage, then turns.) Oh, I was crazy to think I could keep her here. But she left a message—some word, a note?

THOMAS: No, Captain. Not that I know of. (Captain Fortescue reels, wav-

ers, puts out his hand to find the back of the sofa, but misses it, falling to the floor behind it. Thomas, who is still down center, rushes toward the Captain.)

STACY: (Screams. The room is absolutely dark. Thomas and Captain Fortescue disappear.) Oh, yes, she did. (Loudly.) Look behind the mantel. (She leaps from her chair and stumbles across the stage to the sofa, kneeling on it and peering over the back to the floor.) Oh, no! It wouldn't be there, for I had her letter right in my hand. (Looks about, bewildered.) Why, where are they? And the room all dark!

ARTHUR: (Enters hastily left upper door, in evening clothes, as before, but without overcoat or hat.) Who screamed? All in the dark? (Snaps on the lights. Stacy hastens to him, dragging him across the room and pointing to the floor behind the sofa.)

STACY: He lay right there. He had a wound in his breast. Where is he? And that colored man?

ARTHUR: Stacy, what are you talking about? I must tell you—

STACY: (Continuing earnestly.) They made her go away from him—the man she loved! But she left him a note. I had it—right in my hand—

ARTHUR: You say “they” and “he” and “she.” You must have been asleep or seeing ghosts. Now, I’ve something important to tell—

STACY: (Interrupting indignantly.) Ghosts! Well, if they were ghosts they were very lifelike, and there were a whole lot of them—colored servants, too. (She puts her hand to her forehead.) Everything is so queer. And you! (Turning to him.) I thought you were going to your mother’s.

ARTHUR: I did go. Now, Stacy, just below here—

STACY: (Interrupting.) But how are back so soon?

ARTHUR: It isn’t very soon. It’s almost eleven o’clock. (Stacy drops on the sofa.) Mother’s better. (He comes down by the table.) She had passed the worst of her illness before I arrived; and when she heard that you wanted to go to the ball to meet the Prince she insisted I should come right back and take you. And you’ll be astonished to know—

STACY: (Interrupting eagerly.) Wasn’t that adorable of her! And I had been so hateful to you about her illness, too. But I don’t care to go to the ball, now. I’m

not so interested in royalty as I was earlier in the evening.

ARTHUR: (Exasperatedly.) Now, Stacy! Don’t be contrary. Why shouldn’t you want to go? Especially as this Prince—

STACY: (Interrupting, excitedly.) Well, just look how mean old George the Third was to these American colonies! He sent armies, and—

ARTHUR: (Interrupting.) But, good heavens, George the Third’s been dead over a hundred years. This Prince is a jolly good fellow. I know, for I found—

STACY: (Interrupting, disdainfully.) He may be, but I don’t care to meet him. If you’d seen what I have since you’ve been gone— (Breaking off, she points.) Oh, there’s Polly’s letter on the floor by the chair. (She rises and hastens across the stage to the winged chair.)

ARTHUR: (Exasperatedly.) It is a pity you refuse to meet him, for, as I’ve been trying to tell you for the last quarter of an hour, he’ll be in this room in a very few minutes.

STACY: (Rising, from picking up the letter, and greatly surprised and astonished, drops it again.) How do you know? Why should he come here? Not Prince Andrew Frederick? Coming here?

ARTHUR: (Nodding his head with each accented word in his first sentence.) The very same Prince. His car broke down, just below here, and I brought him in. He’s upstairs now, in the south chamber, repairing the disorder to his toilet.

STACY: (Crossing her hands on her breast and raising her eyes as in adoration.) His Royal Highness! (She lifts her draperies and curtsies to her husband as before England’s King.) And I shall go to the ball in company with the Prince! What fun! (She runs to the mirror and gives a touch to her hair, smooths her gown, picks up her fan from the table, catches her husband’s hand and pulls him into position just as the left upper door opens and Emma enters and announces:)

EMMA: His Royal Highness, Prince Andrew Frederick. (Arthur bows, Stacy curtsies, as the curtain quickly falls.)

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SELF-TESTING FOR IMPROVEMENT.

	Yes	No
1. Do I admire a good play in athletics, whether the team is my own or not?		
2. Do I make fun of queerness in dress and manners?		
3. Do I get all I can out of my studies, or do I just <i>get by</i> ?		
4. Do I know what I want to be, and keep that goal in mind?		
5. Do I try to see the faculty's viewpoint on things?		
6. Do I have one set of manners for home folks, and another for other folks?		
7. Am I willing to be friendly with unattractive students, or do I avoid them?		
8. Do I keep my sense of humor on hand at all times?		
9. Do I help to keep school property and others' belongings safe?		
10. Do I study to develop my personality and individuality?		

The Things That Haven't Been Done Before.

The things that haven't been done before,
Those are the things to try.
Columbus dreamed of an unknown shore,
At the rim of the far-flung sky.
And his heart was bold and his face was strong,
As he ventured in dangers new,
And he paid no heed to the jeering throng,
Or the fears of the doubting crew.

Though many will follow the beaten track
With guide-posts along the way,
They live, and have for ages back,
With a chart for every day.
Someone has told them it's safe to go
On the road he has traveled o'er,
And all that they ever strive to know,
Are the things that were known before.

A few strike out without map or chart,
Where never a man has been,
From the beaten paths they draw apart,
To see what no man has seen.
There are deeds they hunger alone to do;
Though battered and bruised and sore,
They blaze the path for the many, who
Do nothing not done before.

The things that haven't been done before
Are the tasks worth while today;
Are you one of the flock that follows, or
Are you one that shall lead the way?
Are you one of the timid souls that quail
At the jeers of the doubting crew,
Or dare you, whether you win or fail,
Strike out for the goal that's new?

(Author Not Known.)

Contests Make Us Think So.

Success and failure are so close together
It all depends on the type of the weather;
Success is hard work plus a few lucky breaks,
And failure is work plus a few small mistakes.

So if it is failure that should come your way,
Just try to remember it's here for today,
To be gone tomorrow, and back in its place
You may find success in your happy embrace.

—MELVIN CONNER.

The Australian Aboriginal War Cry.

Wollemullara choomooroo tingal,
Nah Nah Nah,
Canai barang warrang warrang,
Yallah! Yallah! Yallah! Yallah
Ah jaleeba brooga boorooloong,
Yayah meei meei,
Neeyarra weeyarra weeyarra,
Jeleebe cahwooneh coeewah coeewah coeewah,
Warr woh.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

We are a race of warriors descended from the war gods,
Beware, beware, beware, beware!
Where we fight there will be much bloodshed,
Go! Go! Go, Go,
We are powerful but merciful.
Are you friends,
Good good good,
The kangaroo is dangerous when at bay,
Come on, come on to death.

THE EDITOR'S SONG

If you have a tale to tell,
Boil it down!
Write it out and write it well,
Being careful how you spell;
Send the kernel, keep the shell;
Boil it down! Boil it down!

If you want the world to know,
Boil it down!
If you have good cause to crow;
If you'd tell how churches grow,
Whence you came or where you go,
Boil it down! Boil it down!

Then, when all the job is done,
Boil it down!
If you want to share our fun,
Know just how a paper's run,
Day by day, from sun to sun,
Boil it down! Boil it down!

When there's not a word to spare
Boil it down!
Heave a sigh and lift a prayer,
Stamp your foot and tear your hair,
Then begin again with care—
Boil it down! Boil it down!

So live, young man, that when you grow old you won't be forced to stand on the street corner and amuse yourself by finding fault with others.

Then and Now.

Could she peep in a public school "gym" of today
 And see girls engaged in a bout,
 The old-fashioned maiden would quite faint away,
 I really haven't a doubt;
 She'd swoon or maybe she would die on the spot
 At a sight of this knickered, unladylike lot.
 The hoop-skirted, ringleted, wasp-waisted lass
 Of great-grandma's day wasn't made
 For athletics, she wasn't at all in the class
 Of the modern girl, I am afraid;
 A high jumping contest would put her to shame
 And imagine her playing a basket-ball game.
 Young ladies with lily-white hands are passé,
 They've gone with the samplers they sewed;
 In their places we have the strong girls of today
 Quite free of the burdensome load
 Of hoop-skirts and chignons and quaint folderols
 That were worn by these elegant, simpering dolls.
 Good health is no longer a thing one must shun,
 The popular girl of today
 Brims over with spirits and half of her fun
 Is in knowing the right way to play;
 Gymnastics and hygiene and knowledge of food
 Are glorious leaders to fine womanhood.

—MAUDE WOOD HENRY.

Ten Rules for the Audience.

Let the ushers seat you.
 Don't come late.
 Keep your stubs.
 Don't run in and out unnecessarily.
 Hold small children.
 Keep older children with you.
 Clap hands when it is good.
 Do not stamp and whistle to show appreciation.
 Refrain from talking and laughing so as to keep others from hearing.
 Do not leave early.

Speaking of janitors, one of them explained that he was called "custodian" because he spent half his time cussing the students and the other half toadying the teachers.

Another Recessional.

Love of our fathers, known of old;
 Love of those from whom we've come;
 Beyond whose tender hands we fold
 Wrinkles in the cerebrum.

Love of folks, be with us yet,
 Let we forget, lest we forget.

The romping and the shouting dies;
 The child now from his home departs;
 Still comes a growing sacrifice,
 From pocket books and anxious hearts.

Love of folks, be with us yet,
 Let we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called our young folks have to go,
 As college life takes them away;
 And all the folks at home may know
 Is of the bills they have to pay.

Love of folks, be with us yet,
 Let we forget, lest we forget.

If drunk with knowledge we should be
 Unmindful of the credit due,
 Let us not spurn the base degree,
 From which our tower of honor grew.

Love of folks, be with us yet,
 Let we forget, lest we forget.

Something to Do.

"There is no darkness but ignorance."
 "Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage."

The person who shares this philosophy always finds something to do. Here is a poem that suggests how students may make their own assignments when school attendance has been interrupted.

Parting.

My countenance is sad and wan,
 Gone art thou from my side;
 Thy going leavest me to pain
 I'm not disposed to hide.
 How couldst thou make me suffer so,
 Who were so close to thee?
 One flesh we were until, O woe!
 The hour thou wentst from me.
 Friends whisper comfort in mine ear,
 They say the wound will heal,
 But I'll have none of all their cheer,
 And I'll not touch a meal.
 For thou art severed from my side
 And I am left to groan;
 Another there shall ne'er abide,
 Appendix, once my own.

—GLADYS LLOYD.

Games for the Group

Valentine Fortune.

Draw on a cardboard heart 18 inches in diameter at least as many one inch hearts as you have guests, and color each heart a different color, according to the colors suggested in the verses you will use.

Hang the large heart on the wall or suspend it in a place where it may be shot at conveniently. Make a bow out of an umbrella rib and a strong string. Use a straight light stick, notched in the larger end and flattened on the smaller for the arrow, which, before it is shot is dipped in red ink or paint to show where it hits.

Each guest may shoot at the small hearts until he hits one. A herald announces the color he has hit and then the hostess reads a verse corresponding to his color. Verses are given for the following colors:

For boys:

If you chance to hit the brown
You will find your wife in town.

Heavens! You have struck the blue,
Your wedding day you'll never rue.

If the orange you do not miss,
You'll enjoy a life of bliss.

Hit the red and you'll take the way
A bachelor treads, day by day.

Hit the pink, and then remember
Your wedding day is next September.

If you hit the black, you see,
Some day a widower you will be.

If you hit the purple spot
Honor and riches will be your lot.

You have hit upon the white
So your heart will be lost tonight.

When you get the one you wish
Your heart will flutter like a fish.

Looly ooly gooly, looly ooly lik,
Goody, old fellow, you'll have the cows to milk!

Olive green, olive green, sit in the shade,
Make your own coffee, or drink lemonade!

You've hit the yellow, your shot is right,
The queen of your heart you'll see tonight.

Shoot the violet, and you shoot the true,
Fish out the girl with eyes of blue.

(For the checked heart):

You never will fret, you never will frown
If you wed a girl with eyes of brown.

(For the dotted heart):

Bachelor's buttons! It makes me sick,
But you will be a bachelor till 56!

(For the wavy line heart):

Fortune says if you ever wed
Your wife will have a very red head.

Verses for girls' fortunes. (Turn the heart over):

Hit the green, and you'll sit in the shade
A quiet, gentle, sweet old maid.

If you chance to hit the yellow
You'll wed a tall and handsome fellow.

Tan, tan, hit it and see
The wife of a parson you will be.

Blue, blue, beautiful blue,
A baseball star has his eye on you.

Green, green, grassy green,
You'll spoil a bach at sweet sixteen.

If the purple your fortune tells
Next June will ring your wedding bells.

If you hit the orange spot
A farmer's wife will be your lot.

(For wavy line heart):

Zig-zag, wig-wag, pocket full of maize,
You'll be a school marm all your days.

Pink is the color to make you happy,
You'll marry a man as good as your pappy.

If your arrow hits the lilac heart,
You and your hubby will never part.

If you shoot the blue heart, if you hit the blue,
You're too much of a flapper to ever be true.

If your arrow hits red, red, red,
You'll be happily wed, wed, wed.

If you shoot the brown, my dear,
You'll lose the man you love, I fear.

If your arrow hits the white
Your hubby will fly both day and night.

A Game for February 14.

For a school party, this list of scrambled words can be written on slips of paper, and the one getting them correctly straightened out first (in a limited time) wins a Valentine box of candy.

These nouns have to do with Valentine's Day:

ipude	Cupid
reskeratbareh	heartbreakers
neslevaitn	Valentines
stewasteher	sweethearts
wolesfr	flowers
dynca	candy
smicoc	comics
irestap	parties
mercona	romance
erismoom	memories

Going to Boston—A Game.

Good for Rainy Hour or Party Starter.

By MARY BONHAM.

Players sit in circle and each chooses an animal to take to Boston. Suppose A starts saying, "I'll feed my monkey molasses," then each in order must say, "I'll feed my _____ molasses," then B will say, "I'll make my cow jump over Washington, D. C.—easy stunt for she's been over the moon." Each says his animal does likewise.

C might say, "My cat cried 'meow, meow'."

D, "My rooster flew upon my head and Uch-oo-oo-!!"

E. "I milked my goat." Imagine the laughter this would cause in passing around.

The game may continue till each player has told one thing about his animal. It is enjoyed by small children as well as by grown-ups.

Two Good Letter Games.

Letter games are not only entertaining but educational. Even those that are apparently quite simple serve to sharpen our wits and improve our power of application. At a party such contests are always popular, because all present can participate, whereas the more vigorous games may be unsuitable to the age or condition of some of the guests.

To play "Second Letters," arrange your friends in a circle, explain the game, then begin by giving some such word as Andrew. The person on the speaker's left

repeats what the first person has said and gives a word that begins with the second letter of the word that the first speaker gave.

To illustrate: My name is Andrew and I came from Anaconda.

N is the second letter, so the second speaker must use a word beginning with it, thus: My name is Nathan and I came from New York.

The game in progress sounds something like this:

My name is Andrew and I came from Attleboro.

My name is Nathan and I came from New York.

My name is Alan and I came from Albany.

My name is Lester and I came from Los Angeles.

My name is Elmer and I came from—

He hesitates, and if he has not supplied a suitable word in a period of one minute he is "out." The contest goes on thus until only one person is left, who is of course the winner. It reminds one of a spelling match, but there is more to it—more chance for quick wit and originality.

Now try this one a while: Select some letter, preferably a consonant, and specify the number of letters to be contained in the words to be thought of, thus: We choose D, and all the words must contain five letters, with D the center in each case. At first thought it will seem that you can give dozens, but you are due for a surprise when you try. Such words as audit (audit), India, Madge, wader, etc., illustrate what you want. Set a time limit, say fifteen minutes, and see who has the greatest number of *correctly spelled* words at the expiration of that time.

This game will brighten you up on your spelling. In haste you will start, many times, to double that d, and will often be surprised at your uncertainty in the spelling of very simple words.

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George Washington's Cherry Tree.

At any February party, George Washington's tree may yield the refreshments. Tie these fruits on a lateral branch of any small-leaved artificial tree. Then let the children "chop off" their favorite fruits with pairs of scissors. Use decorations as follows:

Oranges, small, black-threaded with raisin at end to prevent dropping. Grotesque faces are inked in, or the skin cut out and cut places colored.

Bananas, long-faced, mournful and sad, inked in on the skins.

Cherries, maraschino, strung on toothpicks, threaded, and swinging on the branches.

Apples, small, dipped in candy syrup and dried.

Red Plums for bodies of little men, *Grape* heads and toothpick limbs.

English Walnuts, silvered and gilded, the unseen black thread fastened to one end by sealing wax.

Peanuts, tied in bunches like grapes—a showery fruit.

Cloved *Apples*, prepared several days ahead, for the flavor to permeate.

Cranberry strings, and *Popcorn* streamers add grace and lightness to the more heavy effect.

Biography of the God of Love.

*The whole world loves Dan Cupid
And possibly you know
Some more about his arts besides
His arrows and his bow.*

1. Who was his mother? Venus, Goddess of Love.
2. Whom did he love? Psyche.
3. Which of the five senses did he lack? Sight.
4. Who is his chief helper? St. Valentine.
5. What is his given name? Dan.
6. What is his favorite flower? Tulips.
7. Who mostly does his work? The postman.
8. What are his favorite birds? Doves.
9. What's his favorite fruit? Pairs.
10. What's his favorite candy? Dates.
11. What is his chief arithmetic problem? One plus one equals two.
12. What is his home? Lover's Lane.

13. What is he called in pictures? The Young Archer.

14. What is his weapon? The dart.

15. Where does he always aim? The heart.

16. When he hits his mark, what happens? He Mrs. it.

17. What pronouns does he use most? You and I.

18. On what holiday do we celebrate his fame? Valentine's Day.

To the person writing the nearest correct list of answers, you may award a heart-shaped box of candy, or a Colonial corsage bouquet.

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A Flag Stunt for Washington's Birthday.

Have someone read *Makers of the Flag* given below. Follow the reading with the two pantomimes as indicated.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "Aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; which one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting!"

I was about to pass on when the flag stopped me again with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise to far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people are only working!"

Then came a great shout from the Flag: "The work that we do is the making of the flag—I am not the flag; not at all! I am but its shadow.

"I am what you make me—nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for."

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldiers and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweeper, cook, counselor and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be—I am what YOU make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For YOU ARE THE MAKERS OF THE FLAG, and it is well that you glory in the making."

MAKERS OF THE FLAG.

Pantomime by CEORA B. LANHAM.

*Characters.***LABORER**—In overalls and carrying a dinner pail.**MINER**—In work clothes wearing a cap with a light on it and with a pick over his shoulder.**SCHOOL BOY**—With books under his arm.**FARM WOMAN AND HER SON**—Woman with apron and sunbonnet on carrying a milk pail and leading Son by the hand.**BUSINESS MAN**—Business suit. Paper under arm and note book and pencil.**POLICEMAN**—In uniform.**SOLDIER**—In uniform.**BUSINESS GIRL**—In smart suit. Carries a brief case.**FARMER**—In coveralls and carrying a stock journal and a radio paper.**YOUNG MOTHER AND BABE**—In a pretty house dress. Carries a pretty baby.**MOTORIST**—A man, wearing sport suit, goggles, auto gloves and cap.**MOTHER**—Old lady with white apron and small lace cap, carrying a Bible.**BOY AND GIRL SCOUT**—In uniform.**BETSY ROSS**—Lady in Colonial costume.**LITTLE GIRL**—In Colonial costume.**GEORGE WASHINGTON**—In Colonial costume.**TABLEAU OF BETSY ROSS.**

When the curtain rises Betsy Ross is seated sewing on a flag. George Washington holds one corner of the flag and smiles at her. The Little Girl stands in front of Betsy Ross and bows low to George Washington. Curtain falls.

TABLEAU—MAKERS OF THE FLAG.

Curtain rises. The stage should have a plain dark background and the flag should hang from a standard placed in the center of the stage. The Laborer should enter the stage from the right and raise his cap and wave it at the flag and pass off left of stage. Each of the characters enter in the same manner, the Mother showing the Boy how to salute the flag and the Young Mother lifting her Babe toward the flag. The Boy and Girl Scouts salute the flag and stand at either side of it. All the characters return from the left of the stage and clasp hands forming a circle around the flag as the curtain falls.

Note—Other characters may be substituted or added.

Lincoln's Birthday Assembly.

Choose students and give them each one of these seldom-recounted of Lincoln's own stories, to memorize and give in assembly. An advance rehearsal is a good thing, to be sure they really "project" the point of the joke to a 'teen-age audience.

(1) On one occasion, when Mr. Lincoln was going to a political convention, one of his rivals, a liveryman, provided him with an extremely slow horse, hoping he would not reach his destination in time. Lincoln did get there, however, and when he returned the horse, he said, "You keep this horse for funerals, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the liveryman. "Well, I'm glad of that, for if you did, you'd never get a corpse to the grave in time for the Resurrection!"

(2) Speaking of a lawyer who was fond of making long-winded but empty speeches, Lincoln said, "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met!"

(3) During the Chicago convention, Lincoln had been telling stories to keep down his excitement. When the news of his nomination actually reached him, he allowed a little crowd in the newspaper office to shake hands with him mechanically, then said, "I reckon there's a little woman down at our house that would like to hear the news," and he strode away rapidly toward home.

(4) When Lincoln met General Sheridan for the first time, he took Sheridan's hand in his big one, and said, "General, when this war began, I thought a cavalryman should be at least six feet four inches high. I've changed my mind—five feet four will do in a pinch." Sheridan measured five feet four and a half.

(5) President Lincoln described Sheridan as a "little chap with round head, red face, legs longer than his body, and not enough neck to hang him by." Another time he described him as "the greatest little man I ever met!"

(6) Commissioner Stephens, who weighed about 90 pounds, dined with Lincoln and Grant. As he was leaving, he put on an English ulster with long tails and a very tall collar. Lincoln remarked, "Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see such a little nubbin with as much shuck?"

(7) Maryland was a southern state, and a delegation from Baltimore pro-

tested to President Lincoln that northern soldiers were "polluting" the soil of Maryland marching across it to fight against the South.

"We must have troops; and since they can neither crawl *under* Maryland nor fly *over* it, they must come across it," the President answered.

(8) Lincoln loved to tell the story of an old man advising his son to take a wife. The young man asked, "Whose wife shall I take?"

(9) A sentry challenged a tug going up Broad river, South Carolina, with: "Halt! Who goes there?" "The Secretary of War and Major General Foster," was the pompous reply. "Aw! We've got major generals enough up here—why don't you bring us up some hardtack?"

(10) A friend of the President once burst into his room during the war to tell him that a brigadier general and twelve army mules had been carried off by the enemy. "Most unfortunate!" exclaimed Lincoln. "Those *mules* cost us two hundred dollars apiece!"

Songs for the French Club or Class.

By VERA HAMILL-HAFER.

Tune: "Solomon Levi."

Si jamais vous voulez joindre une foule
Pleine de joie et d'esprit,
Tout composé des plus gais jeunes gens
Que personne ne jamais vit;
Puis venez et criez avec nous,
Un cri très haut et fort,
Pour la meilleure école dans tout l'ouest,
Vous n'aurez jamais tort.

CHORUS.

Bravo pour—(name of school)
Couleurs rouge et bleu—(or whatever
colors are appropriate).
Bravo pour—,
Son étandard il n'est jamais vieux;
Nous la louons de toutes nos forces,
Toujours de la même façon;
Quand un jour il sera, Oú tout la vera,
La plus jolies dans le monde.

Tune: "Yes We Have No Bananas."

CHORUS.

Oui, il n'y a pas de bananes,
Il n'y a pas de bananes aujourd'hui.
Nous avons haricots, oignons, carottes, et
bon citrons,
Et tous sorts des bons fruits.
Mais nous avons légumes, et tomatoes,

Et tous grands potatoes,
Mais, oui, il n'y a pas de bananes,
Il n'y a pas de bananes aujourd'hui.

Popcorn Cakes.

Popcorn cakes offer an easy method of raising money at football games, basketball games, school carnivals and anywhere else that the sale of "eats" is in order. They are a welcomed variation from the usual items offered at such times. Here is the recipe:

2 cups white corn syrup.

1 cup white sugar.

Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of soda and pour over the popcorn. Mould into well buttered angel food cake pans while still hot. Use red candy hearts or "red hots" for decorating, pressing on the cakes in any desired pattern. When the cake is cold, cut with a sharp knife like regular cake. This amount of syrup is enough for a large dishpan full of popped corn and will make two cakes. Cut into six or more pieces and sell at five cents per cut.

AFTER-DINNER GLEANINGS.

"It's just what I've been looking for!" is the exclamation with which school people will greet *After Dinner Gleanings*, a new book by John J. Ethell. It contains a wealth of clever anecdotes and stories that are really funny. Among its several hundred short talks of a serious nature will be found those suitable for almost any occasion upon which men and women are called to speak. More than that, it has a unique plan of organization by which appropriate stories or quotations may be brought into a talk or toast. In fact, it provides a clever speech—ready-made, yet original—for any person, any time, any place. The price is \$1.25 post-paid. Send your order to SCHOOL ACTIVITIES, 1212 West 13th St., Topeka, Kan.

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 For the SPEAKER who in conversation or public address would liven up his remarks with humorous illustrations.

The "Low Down."

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked for a copy of "Who's Who," and "What's What," by Jerome K. Jerome. "Haven't got dot book," said Cohen, "but we haf 'Who's He and Vot's He Got,' by Bradstreet."—*The Furrow*.

Raw! Raw! Raw!

The rookie had lately joined a crack cavalry outfit, and after several imitations of the Prince of Wales had lost some of his exuberance. He was standing on the sunny side of the canteen looking like the spirit of melancholy when the genial chaplain approached.

"What's the matter, my boy?" asked the chaplain. "Homesick?"

"Oh, a little, I guess," was the answer. "You see, I'm just a raw recruit."

"Cheer up, you'll be all right. But you shouldn't say 'raw recruit.' The 'raw' is superfluous."

The rookie rubbed his anatomy reflectively and then replied with sad emphasis: "Not when you join the cavalry it ain't."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Prosecutor: Are you positive you know where your husband was on the night this crime was committed?

Liza (a witness): Well, ef Ah didn't, den Ah busted a puffedly good rollin' pin ovah a innercent man's haid, dat's all!

Appearance First.

Two spinsters were discussing men.

"Which would you prefer in your husband—wealth, ability or appearance?" asked one.

"Appearance," replied the other. "And the sooner the better."

This is sent in as occurring at a citizenship hearing here:

"Next."

"Who, me?"

"Born?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Russia."

"What part?"

"All of me."

"Why did you leave Russia?"

"I couldn't bring it with me."

"Where were your forefathers born?"

"I only got one father."

"Your business?"

"Rotten."

"Where is Washington?"

"He's dead."

"I mean the capital of the United States."

"They loaned it to Europe."

"Now, do you promise to support the Constitution?"

"Me? How can I? I've got a wife and six children to support."

If it didn't occur at a citizenship hearing, it's not a bad vaudeville act.

Learning the Bishop's Preference.

A young lady sat next to a distinguished bishop at a dinner, according to *Harper's Weekly*. She was rather awed by the bishop's presence. For some time she hesitated to speak to him. Finally, seeing some bananas passed, she turned to him and said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop was slightly deaf, and leaning forward, replied:

"What did you say?"

"I said," replied the young lady, blushing. "are you fond of bananas?"

The bishop thought for a moment and then said:

"If you want my honest opinion, I have always preferred the old-fashioned night-shirt."

We long ago heard of the man who would not join in a wolf hunt, because he had not lost any wolves. Later we heard of the boy who was not interested in earning a quarter, because he already had a quarter. Now we hear of the girl who did not care to attend a horse show, because she had already seen a horse.

Weasel Words.

The farmer sat up in bed with a start. He had heard a noise in the poultry house. Pulling on an old coat and arming himself with a revolver, he made his way to the scene of the trouble.

"Who's there?" he called.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" he cried again.

No answer.

"Right!" said the farmer. "I'll give you one more chance! Who's there—before I shoot?"

Then came the voice. "Nobody—only just us'uns."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

A grandmotherly soul beamed upon a manly-looking little Boy Scout. "Well, dear," she said, "have you done your good deed today?"

"You bet," he replied, "I've taught my little sister not to poke her tongue out at Boy Scouts."

There are some stories that grew out of the *World Call* Alaskan Voyage that are too good to keep. One is on H. B. Holloway, the tall, white-haired chieftain of the party, who was stalking about the village of Sitka in the pouring rain one day. His raincoat collar was turned up about his ears and his cap was pulled low over his face. A woman kept watching him curiously and finally, approaching him timidly, said, "Pardon me, but are you an Indian?"

"No, madam," Mr. Holloway replied soberly, "I'm a totem pole."—*World Call*.

Wise: Have you any thumb tacks?

Cracker: No, but I have some finger nails.

Fifty-Fifty.

Hubby: Your bread is all right, dear, but it's not as light as Mother's.

Wifey: Well, I might add that your roll is lighter than Dad's. — *Christian Science Monitor*.

Here is a new theme for a love song: Her Face Is One That Only A Mother Could Love.

Orator—And what has become of the old-fashioned girl?

Heckler: She's still at home. — *The Pathfinder*.

Took a Short Cut.

When the young woman who had entered college to get a degree, announced her engagement to her professor in the middle of her second year, her friend said:

"But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph.D."

"So I did," returned Edith, "but I had no idea I'd get him so soon."

"Speaking of old families," said the aristocrat of the party, "one of my ancestors was present at the signing of the Magna Charta."

"And one of mine," said little Ikey, one of the patient listeners, "was present at the signing of the Ten Commandments."—*The Furrow*.

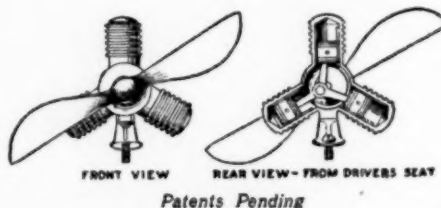
Out of Bounds.

Workmen were making repairs on the wires in a schoolhouse when a small boy wandered in.

"What you doin'?"

"Installing an electric switch," one of the workmen said.

The boy then volunteered: "I don't care. We've moved away and I don't go to this school any more."—*Belleville Ontario*.



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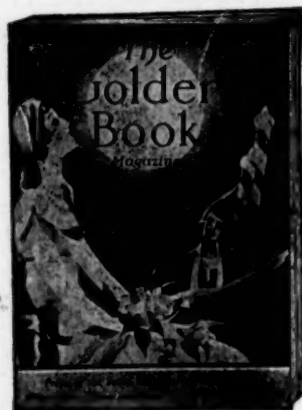
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